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backwards over the ears, is the true "line of fit," as the covering will then lie close to the head for some inches, and the section will make an oval. Descending next to the neck, we shall find that no chain or ribbon will rest on it in a plane circle or oval, but the portion in front will be lower. It also must therefore take the shape of an oval, whose plane will make an angle with that of the head. A shawl thrown over the shoulders will form another oval, whose plane will be almost parallel to the last. The line of the waist appears to take the outline of a circle; but the figure here approaches a cone, and a scarf tied round it would be lower in front. The true lines are found in the direction a small shawl would take if placed loosely on the shoulders and crossed in front; and this is the real artistic covering for the shoulders. And here the milliner may be complimented on the style of dress that now obtains, or lately did (for these humours fluctuate so) viz., the broad hat, the light tippet, and the slight skirt, fitting close, unfreighted by "stuffing" of any kind. It is to be suspected that a graceful artist, Mr. Storey, whose pictures of such demoiselles stepping out of coaches, and under other conditions, have been admired at the Academy, is more or less accountable for this spasm of good taste than we believed. And this gives us another oval section. A mantle or shawl thrown over the figure would have its outline furnished by the action of the arms drawn up.

But there is another view of the matter which shows how this pursuit of false adornment leads only to disfigurement. The human figure, it need not be said, is beautifully proportioned, the height having an almost geometrical relation to its breadth, in which it is followed by the proportions of an architectural column. In the latter case, when it is too "thick" in reference to its height, even the common eye can detect that "something is wrong." It appears to become shorter as it is made thicker; perhaps on the following principle: in the case of a line (considered to be purely length without breadth) the eye is carried upward without break or interruption; where the line is made thicker, it cannot go so swiftly or so directly, as the space is wider over which the eye has to travel; as a ball propelled along a channel goes straight and quick to the end, but when dispatched on a broader surface meanders and moves from one side to the other. Now it will be seen that this practice of making the lower portion of the figure into the likeness of a solid mound or cone must have the result of shortening the height and robbing the figure of that airiness and all its graceful curves. It is amazing how this rage for self-disfigurement could have so taken possession of the female mind and of those who minister to its taste. As can be seen from famous pieces of sculpture, every attitude of the figure is a new shape of grace; every change of attitude only develops new postures; and yet, instead of taking advantage of these natural beauties, which might often compensate for the blemish of a decidedly ugly face, there has always been a universal agreement to bury and confine them beneath a load of clothes and swathings.

All these abuses of costume may be traced to original false principles in the construction of dress; and modern garb, which is *fitted* to the figure by an elaborate system of cutting, piecing, and joining, attempts to be a sort of second skin rather than a dress. We reach the principle at once by seeking what are the true points of support for the dress, which we shall find in all classical times were the shoulders, which was indeed natural

as well as graceful. In our day the hips are made to execute this function, to which the skirts, by a clumsy and troublesome arrangement, are fitted. By the former way everything was left free for movement and grace, and the waist could be indicated by merely confining the hanging folds within a belt. Thus the natural arrangement of the figure has been, as it were, distorted. The present generation seems, by common consent, agreed to alter the accepted position of the waist. It was found that, to support the ponderous bulk of clothing, something in the nature of a *shelf* was indispensable, and this the hips supported, of course made more projecting by a system of pulleys, worked from behind. On these convenient props any amount of vesture might rest. Thus it is that the waist has been arbitrarily lowered some inches, to the injury of the symmetry and proportions of the figure. The whole idea of a "waist," in the technical dressmaker's phrase, is false. In this sense it is taken to mean that "the body"—technical phrase also—is a distinct "department," beginning at the neck and ending below at a horizontal line drawn across the boundary where the reign of folds and plaits begins to branch out; these folds and plaits being rendered necessary by the ample amount of material which is to spread away below. Now, according to the classical ideal, the dress, from the shoulder to the heels, is "one and indivisible;" the waist is formed by simply *confining* the dress, which would otherwise fall away from the figure, by a belt. Here is the solution, and the beginning of grace and of elegance.

Of course it is impossible to apply the principle in its strict sense, but it should certainly be kept in mind as the basis. If an outline were made of the back of the female, there would be found no line of beauty, but it would take the shape of a hard mathematical diagram. The back of the head would be represented by an oblong; the lines of the neck, shoulders, back, and waist would take the outline of an irregular octagon; while from the waist downwards would spring that of the favourite cone. These lines are favoured by the dress-makers, who, to secure "a perfect fit," map out the female back into the most singularly laid out divisions and lines—those queer seams that spread upwards from the waist, proceed down the shoulders, and take the fantastic lines which, from habit and the tyranny of the dressmakers, are thought to be essential. Essential they are, if we accept the principle that the "back" of a dress must be of the character of a second tight-fitting "skin." The very fact that such laborious ingenuity in cutting out has to be exerted to make the garment take this shape, shows that the idea is a false one, as such "piecing" is unworthy of a handsome material; while the smooth, stretched-out condition is unfavourable to the character of any textile, which should always be set off by free folds. Thus it is that one abuse entails another. As was before hinted, a dress that merely follows the surface of the body amounts to a repetition of the skin, and cannot, any more than the skin which it repeats, be called a "dress;" and such treatment of the material does not conduce either to warmth or to coolness, to comfort or to beauty. There being no folds, the surface is presented in its most meagre shape; being stretched, there is no play of light or shade; and the movements of the various muscles are hindered, and certainly cannot be noticed.

(To be continued.)

ART IN PARIS.

M. BAUGNIET, the eminent Belgian painter, has just finished his picture of the 'Young Girls of America decorating the Portrait of Washington.' This large and elaborate work was originally intended for our Centennial Exhibition; but the artist, one of the most pains-taking and conscientious of the painters of the day, was unable to finish it satisfactorily to

himself in time to send it. In fact, he has repainted the central group some five or six times, and even now is loath to relinquish his task as finished. The picture, which is intended for the Paris Exhibition, is now at the rooms of M. Willems, on the Rue St.-George. It represents a group of young and lovely girls surrounding a portrait of Washington—a life-sized

head which hangs against the wall between two large American flags, whose silken folds surround the portrait with their ample drapery. Mounted on a chair, one golden-tressed damsel, her white dress flowing in graceful folds from her elevated post, is in the act of placing a laurel-branch above the frame. At the other side another young girl looks up with reverent love toward the face of the Father of his Country, while with one hand she is in the act of taking a rose from a mass of flowers placed upon a table beneath the portrait, among which a tall stalk of snowy lilies shows conspicuous—a reminiscence of French sympathy and French aid to the cause of our independence. Kneeling on the ground before the table a third damsel—rosy, laughing, and bright-eyed—is busied in weaving a laurel-wreath. At one side a young and handsome lady in black, her arm around her little son, is pointing to the portrait, her glance turned upon the boy's face as if to read the effect of her words. This picture, one of the largest and most important that the celebrated artist has recently painted, shows in the highest degree all the distinguishing characteristics of his refined and elevated talent. His young girls are really young ladies—innocent, joyous, graceful damsels—and not either dressed-up models or disguised *cocottes*. The composition of the central group is truly admirable, and the colouring is as delicate and yet as glowing as that of a cluster of summer roses in all their varied hues. One little detail shows the painstaking care wherewith the artist has worked: the portrait of Washington is not a vaguely-generalised head, but is a very accurate likeness of our great citizen, a reproduction in miniature of the Stuart portrait. A leading Parisian manufacturer of chromos has offered M. Baugniet a large sum for the privilege of reproducing this picture, but the artist prefers to have it engraved.

M. Baugniet has also recently finished a very charming little picture entitled 'Uncertainty.' A fair young girl (childless himself, the kindly artist seems to delight in multiplying these daughters of his pencil), in a dainty toilette of cream-colour and blue, stands holding a letter in her hands, plunged in a profound yet not unpleasing meditation, her pretty head turned towards the spectator, her hands hanging listless before her. On the polished floor at her feet lies the envelope of the letter, cast aside in her haste. A Louis XV. bureau, of the shape and style so affected by artists, stands in the background, and on it are cast her flower-decked hat and her parasol. The wall is draped with antique tapestry, whose prevailing tint is a dusky green. Upon the bureau stands a tall, slender vase of highly-glazed, pale-blue china, containing a few fronds of dried, feathery grasses, the effect of colour and exquisite finish of these accessories against the dark background being simply marvellous.

M. Willems has two pictures on view at the same rooms. One represents a young lady, in the dress of Louis XIII.'s reign, in the act of feeding her poultry. Kneeling on the ground, she proffers a handful of grain to a group of saucy chickens, who half disdain her offering. Behind her a pair of greedy ducks are hastening to claim their share with outstretched necks and open bills. A staid duenna beside her looks on in starched disapproval of her young mistress's very undignified occupation. The pink-satin dress of the lady is painted as Willems alone of our modern artists knows how to paint satin.

His other picture represents a satin-clad damsel likewise, but this time her robe is white, glistening with silvery reflections beneath the shadow of a mediæval doorway, in which she stands, her drapery falling in straight, gleaming folds to her feet, decorated with lace most exquisitely painted, with here and there a glimmer of pearls amid its fretwork. A blond young maiden is she, holding caressingly against her cheek the fluffy head of a little silken-coated dog, white as her own lustrous draperies. A mass of bright-hued flowers lies strewn on the steps before her feet. Very beautifully are the details of the dark oak carvings of the antique doorway executed, and there are a forcible simplicity and an unstudied grace about the whole composition. But the picture has a very odd defect. The straight, tall figure of the young girl, her attitude as she stands within the doorway, holding her pet in her arms, the dusky arch of the doorway itself, the flowers strewn before her feet—all give the idea of a picture of the 'Holy Virgin,' or of the statue of a female saint in its niche.

The artists are now returning to their studios from their sketching-tours of the summer. Most of them are hard at work on

some important picture, either for the *Salon* of next spring, or for the Universal Exhibition. The general leaning is, however, towards the former. They say, and rightly, that amid the vast mass of foreign Art-contributions any individual work has much less chance of creating a favourable impression in the huge halls of the Exhibition than on the comparatively restricted limits of the *Salon*, while the publicity afforded will be nearly as great, as every Art-lover who comes to see the Exhibition will of course visit the *Salon* likewise. Thus the display next year at the Palais de l'Industrie promises to be of exceptional beauty and interest, notwithstanding the contending claims of the Exhibition. Just now a certain amount of secrecy is observed respecting the scarcely-begun pictures, and in nearly every studio of importance there may be seen on the artist's reception-days a vast frame mysteriously veiled, which of course attracts more attention than do the completed and exhibited pictures beside it. Such is now the case in the studio of Mr. Bridgman, who has recently installed himself in new and commodious quarters in a spacious building, exclusively devoted to studios, on the Boulevard de Clichy. Several of our American artists besides himself have set up their easels beneath this hospitable roof. Mr. Bridgman, besides his large canvas of 'The Pharisee and the Publican,' now exhibits a charming group of Oriental personages playing at draughts. Seated on a carpet, the two players bend absorbed above their game. The one that faces the spectator is a young and beautiful woman, her graceful head veiled by a floating drapery of pale-green gauze. With extended arm she poises the tip of her finger on one of her adversary's pieces, which she has just taken. That adversary is a moustached young warrior, who seems to contemplate his approaching defeat with stolid calm. A damsel, enveloped in black draperies from head to foot, her head swathed in the folds of a nun-like black veil, her bare feet protruding from the folds of her garments, reclines on a raised sofa at one side, and looks on at the game, resting her head upon her hand. The architecture, the accessories, the blue tracery upon the walls, the fretwork of the half-opened lattice, are all characteristically and accurately Oriental in type and style. Mr. Bridgman's studio is still further adorned by a fine, full-length portrait of his young wife seated on a low stool, her head turned sideways in an alert, listening attitude; this portrait, besides being an admirable likeness, gives an impression of vivacity and individuality too often lacking in the portraits of the modern school. Mr. Bridgman is already hard at work on his picture for the *Salon* of next year, but its subject still remains a secret. It will, however, be a large and important work, and will add still further to the reputation of our medal-winner of last year's *Salon*. His picture of last season, the 'Funeral Procession on the Nile,' will be sent to the Universal Exposition should the United States decide upon contributing.

Mr. Milne Ramsay has recently finished a large painting, 'A Baptism in the Eighteenth Century,' which goes to San Francisco, having been purchased by a lady of that city. It represents the procession of friends and relatives on their way to the church, the little one borne in the arms of a very stylish nurse. The god-mother in pale-yellow satin and elaborately-powdered coiffure, gentlemen in velvet and satin and laces, ladies brave in brocade and silk, and two stout old priests who walk a little apart at one side, fill the centre of the canvas with a gay and animated group. They are coming down a long avenue of trees, through whose branches the sunlight flickers in golden patches, while the château rises stately in the background. An effect of golden-lighted sky behind the tree-trunks of the avenue to the right is very beautifully rendered.

An Art-discovery, which, if genuine, is of the highest importance, has recently been made, it is said, in the collection of M. Arsène Houssaye. It is nothing less than the discovery of an original picture by Michael Angelo, the 'Leda,' which was said to have been destroyed, on account of its indelicacy, by order of Anne of Austria when that princess was Regent of France. It may be remembered that the 'Leda' of Correggio, now at Berlin, was destined to a similar fate by the Duke of Orleans (the Regent), who, however, contented himself with cutting the head of 'Leda' out of the canvas. He afterwards gave the remains of the mutilated picture to the artist Coypel, who caused the head to be skilfully restored, and the painting was purchased by the King of Prussia for 3,000 livres. But a worse fate is said

to have attended the 'Leda' of Michael Angelo. Brought to France in the sixteenth century by Antonio Mini, it was frequently engraved, was mentioned in a catalogue of the "Wonders of Fontainebleau," published in 1642, and was said to have been burned some few years later. But one authority declares that the picture was in existence at least a hundred years after the date of its supposed destruction.

Be that as it may, M. Arsène Houssaye, about eight or ten years ago, purchased at a picture-sale at the Hôtel Drouot some six or eight paintings, among which was the 'Leda' now under consideration. Certain portions of this last struck M. Houssaye as being inferior to the rest of the painting, both in colouring and design. He examined his new acquisition carefully, and perceived, beneath the last layer of paint, lines and touches which indicated the existence of another design beneath. He called to his aid a skilled restorer: the picture was cleaned, and a few scales of the paint were carefully removed. Underneath appeared traces, not of a sketch, but of a completed work. By dint of rubbing and scraping, the inferior parts of the picture, the head, the breast, and the right hand, disappeared, to give place to others, which an enthusiastic critic declares to be of ideal beauty. The question still remains to be decided as to whether this restored picture be or be not the lost work of Michael Angelo—a riddle which will probably never receive an authoritative solution.

Already there are innumerable rumours afloat respecting the artistic marvels that are now in preparation, either for the Universal Exhibition or the *Salon* of next year. Among these, the 'Diana surprised by Actæon,' of Jules Lefebvre, appears to hold a prominent place. This picture, one of the largest and most important which the gifted artist has ever undertaken, represents the goddess surrounded by her nymphs, and standing erect, her hands crossed over her bust in a graceful attitude of alarmed and indignant modesty, while her affrighted attendants cluster about her. It is

predicted that this noble picture will win for M. Lefebvre the Medal of Honour next year. It was commenced for the *Salon* of last spring, but, when nearly completed, the artist discovered that one of the secondary groups was too far off from the central one. He did not hesitate to efface all that portion of his picture and to recommence the work of months. Thus it happened that his chaste and elevated talent was only represented at the *Salon* by a single picture of small size, the 'Pandora.'

Clairin has also commenced a picture of large dimensions and elaborate composition, representing 'Moses dividing the Waters.'

Goupil has recently had on exhibition a large landscape, a mountain-view in Scotland, by Gustave Doré; a reproduction of Merle's 'La Folle;' and a very graceful figure of a young girl in white satin, seated on a bank overgrown with grass and wild-flowers, and holding a petal of a flower to her lips, while a book lies open before her. Evidently, like the Gretchen of Faust, she is trying some form of floral divination. This very pleasing and carefully-executed picture is by Perrault.

A statue of Jeanne d'Arc has just been discovered at a farm near Fécamp. It was found standing erect in a niche of an old farmhouse of the village of Toussaint. A moveable closet or side-board had concealed the existence of this niche from time immemorial. The figure is in stone, but is covered with a layer of whitewash or plaster, which conceals the details of the work and the outline of the features. Traces of an inscription were visible on the pedestal, and a vigorous course of scraping brought to light the words "Jeanne d'Arcques dite la Pucelle d'Orléans." It is impossible at present to fix the date of the execution of this statue. The farmhouse in which it was discovered is of very great antiquity. Two smaller statues were found, one placed on either side of the niche. One of these represents the Holy Virgin; the subject of the other has not yet been recognised.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

GRECIAN CLIMATE AND GREEK ART.



FOUR years ago I passed the greater part of a year almost within sight of "Sunium's marble steep," and had an opportunity of verifying the accounts I had read, and already partly experienced, of the sky and climate of Greece. I had facilities and opportunity enabling me to range over the interior of the country, to go from one island of the Greek Archipelago to another, and to see the nature of the changes that occasionally take place. From July to October, indeed, there was hardly a change. The sky was nearly always free from clouds, but it was by no means always equally clear. Strong winds coming down from the Balkan swept through and among the valleys, and through the channels between the islands, and now and then the natural result was to produce mist. But of actual rain-cloud there was none. The weather of that year was not exceptional or remarkable, and when towards the middle of November change at last took place, and torrents of rain replaced the perpetual drought of summer, I learned also what a winter in the Eastern Archipelago might mean. I had previously been familiar with winter in the Adriatic, on the Italian shores, in Spain, and on the north coast of Africa, and I was not without experience in the Black Sea and the mouths of the Danube. The difference, however, was marked. Owing to causes not difficult to trace connected with the position of the mountain-chain of the Balkan, and the peculiar form of the ragged peninsulas of Attica and the Morea and of the long islands running north and south nearly parallel to them, owing also partly to the absence of rivers and lakes, and therefore of natural and permanent receptacles and channels of water, the rain is retained for a time in shallow pools near the coast, which are only separated from the sea by low sand-banks, and continue to exist and to exhale miasma during a large part of the year. But the air remains almost always clear and dry, and the atmospheric effects vary but little. The changes of temperature and moisture of the winds that meet and dispute possession are not

very great, and the climate is thus preserved from the effects that throughout Western Europe cannot but be felt when the warm southwesterly winds, that have become charged with large quantities of vapour by blowing for thousands of miles across the Atlantic, come in contact with cold but saturated northwesterly winds, fresh from the Arctic Ocean, or with dry easterly and northeasterly winds that have traversed the vast plains of Northern Asia and Europe. The atmospheric effects do not consist much of picturesque and highly-tinted clouds, but of distinct tints of colour, passing from perfect opalescence to the richest reds and yellows, and characterising the whole of a sky whose transparency is hardly affected. Sunset is marked as usual by redness when the sun's declining rays pass through a great thickness of air. I have seen the delicate white-marble columns and pediment of the Parthenon and the other buildings of the Acropolis, whose natural colour is slightly yellow through the stains of age and weathering, reflecting the purest and most brilliant blood-red, and then, as the sun disappeared and the moon rose behind them, standing out in the most marked contrast. So also the tops of the Eubœan mountains, often covered with snow even during summer, would appear of the same exquisite blood-red tint when seen from the hills of Laurium on a clear autumnal evening.

There is little contrast, and not much variety, in Greek skies. Winter is often rainy and often cold, but seldom thick. Spring is also wet at times, and may be cloudy and even disagreeably cold, but still clear. Summer and autumn are almost without change.

It is impossible not to recognise in these climatal conditions some explanation of the peculiarities of Greek nature and of Greek Art. The buildings are felt to be adapted to the conditions of existence. The simple pure outlines of the older Greek buildings are modified from the Egyptian and perhaps Ninevitic and Assyrian types; they are less heavy, more elegant in form, decorated with sculpture of a higher order, and more effective. They